



TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE! 10c
No. 9

FEARIE



HANDS of DEATH
PHANTOM HITCH-HIKER
HAUNTED MELODY
DEATH on SKIIS

The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Ha Ra", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", "Barnyard Comics", "Stranger Worlds", "Captain Future", "Snake Eyes", "Miss Masque", and "The Fighting Yank". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight shadow effect. The overall composition suggests a digital archive or a website dedicated to classic comic books.

EERIE

HIS EVIL HANDS PLAYED MUSIC
WHENEVER ERIK DULAN PICKED UP
HIS VIOLIN! HE WAS PROUD
OF THE NEW HANDS WHICH
BLACK
MAGIC
HAD
SUPPLIED
HIM--

--BUT HE
HAD AN
OVERWHELMING
URGE TO
STRANGLE!
FOR HIS
WERE...
"THE HANDS
OF
DEATH!"

WIERDLY, EERILY THE SOUND OF
CHOPIN'S RAINDROP PRELUDE
FLOATED THROUGH FREDERIC PARKER'S
STUDIO. AND WITH THE MUSIC CAME
THE SPIRIT OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!
SHE WAS MYSTERIOUSLY LOVELY, AND
SHE CAME ONLY WHEN HE PLAYED...
"THE HAUNTED
MELODY!"

GLIDING
HORRIBLY OVER THE
SNOWY BAVARIAN
ALPS, THE TERRIFYING
APPARITION OF
A SKIING SKELETON
MADE THE BLOOD
OF THE GERMAN
PEASANTS GO ICY
WITH FEAR! THE
YOUNG FOREIGNER
SCOFFED AT THE
SUPERSTITIOUS
MOUNTAINEERS, BUT
HE DISCOVERED
THAT...
"DEATH
WORE
SKIIS!"

MURDERED JOHN MORLEY
AN INNOCENT
GIRL! HE SENT HER TO HER DEATH
IN A SPEEDING CAR...AND NOW WHEN-
EVER HE DRIVES AT NIGHT A GHASTLY
SPECTRE AWAITS HIM BEYOND EACH
NEW CURVE IN THE ROAD!
"THE PHANTOM HITCH-HIKER!"

CLIFF
ARNDT
KINSLER
1952

the PHANTOM HITCH-HIKER

I WON'T STOP! NO!
NO! GO AWAY! YOU'LL
NEVER RIDE WITH
ME AGAIN! NEVER!

THE AUTOMOBILE IS A
GOOD WEAPON WITH WHICH
TO KILL! JOHN MORLEY
FOUND IT SO WHEN HE MUR-
DERED BEAUTIFUL GAIL
GORDON AND MADE IT
LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL
THE STRANGE FORCES OF
THE UNKNOWN! GRIM
JUSTICE WAS METED OUT
TO JOHN MORLEY WHEN
HE ENCOUNTERED...

**THE
PHANTOM
HITCH-HIKER!**

AT TWENTY-TWO,
GAIL GORDON WAS
LEGAL MISTRESS
OF HER FATHER'S
ESTATE. SHE HAD
LET JOHN MOR-
LEY, HER GUAR-
DIAN, CONTROL IT
FROM THE TIME
SHE HAD INHER-
ITED IT, BECAUSE
SHE WAS ABSORBED
WITH HER MUSIC-
AL CAREER-- BUT,
NOW...

I AM PLANNING TO CONTINUE MY STUDIES
IN EUROPE FOR SEVERAL YEARS! I'VE NEVER
ASKED YOU ABOUT MY FINANCES, BUT NOW--

GOING TO EUROPE!
WHY, GAIL--

I CAN'T LET
HER!-- SHE'LL
FIND OUT!



MORLEY HAD, THROUGH THE YEARS, STOLEN MOST OF HER MONEY.

WE'LL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT TOMORROW! WE'LL GET AN AUDITOR TO CHECK EVERYTHING.

YOU'RE GOING MUCH FARTHER THAN EUROPE, MY DEAR GIRL!

ER, YES, GAIL!



SHE DID NOT NOTICE THAT HE HAD UNLOCKED THE CAR DOOR BESIDE HIM--AND AS THEY SPED ONTO THE BRIDGE...

SURE! YOU'RE GOIN' ON A TRIP, ALL RIGHT! A LONG JOURNEY! HA, HA!

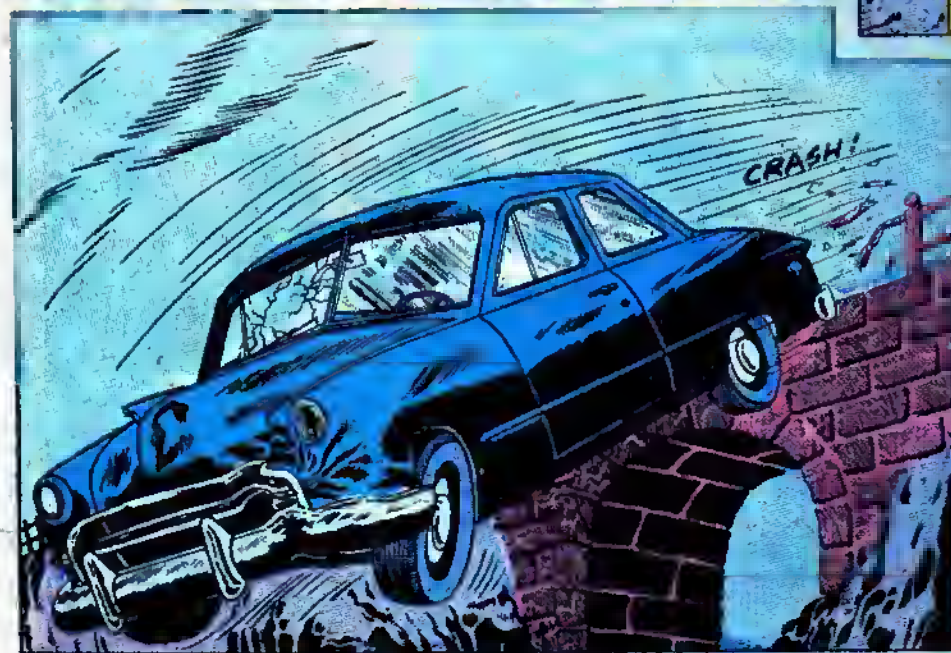
JOHN! JOHN!



THE CAR SWERVED VOLUNTARILY AS MORLEY LEAPED OUT!

GOODBYE, GAIL! HA, HA!

AAIEEE!!



NO ONE KNEW THAT JOHN MORLEY WAS DRIVING WITH GAIL THAT NIGHT. HER BODY WAS FOUND AT THE WHEEL OF HER CAR, DEEP IN THE BUSHES.

NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW!



NO ONE IN THE WORLD!--BUT BEYOND THE BORDER--IN THAT MYSTERIOUS REALM WE CALL THE UNKNOWN--WHAT JOHN MORLEY HAD DONE WAS NO SECRET!..AND ABOUT A WEEK LATER



BEAUTIFUL NIGHT FOR A DRIVE!..



MORLEY NEVER STOPPED FOR HITCH-HIKERS, BUT THE TRIM FIGURE OF THIS GIRL AS SHE STOOD THUMBING A RIDE WAS INTERESTING, AND...

I'LL PICK HER UP!..DON'T MIND A COMPANION LIKE HER ON THIS NICE MOONLIT NIGHT!



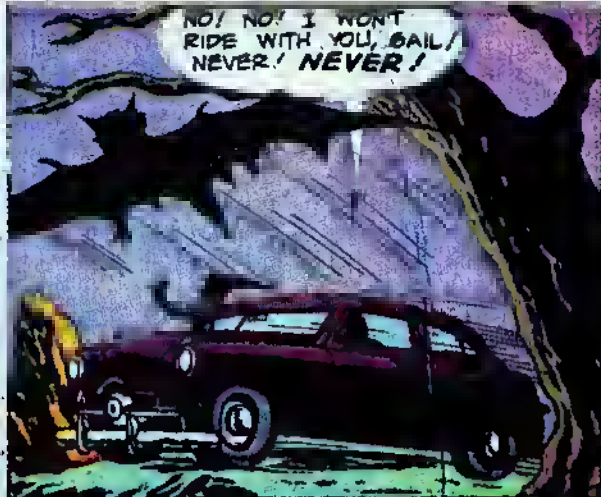
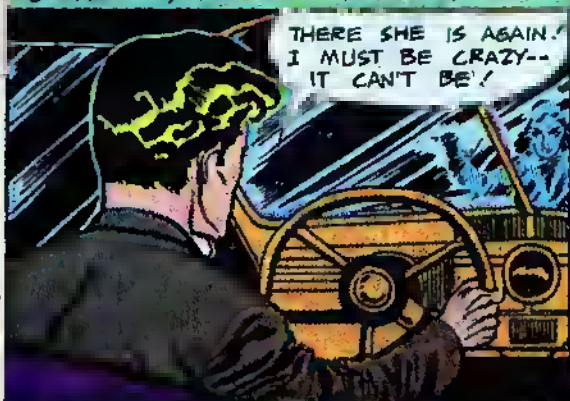
HE SLAMMED ON HIS BRAKES, AND...

TAKE ME ALONG A FEW MILES, MISTER?

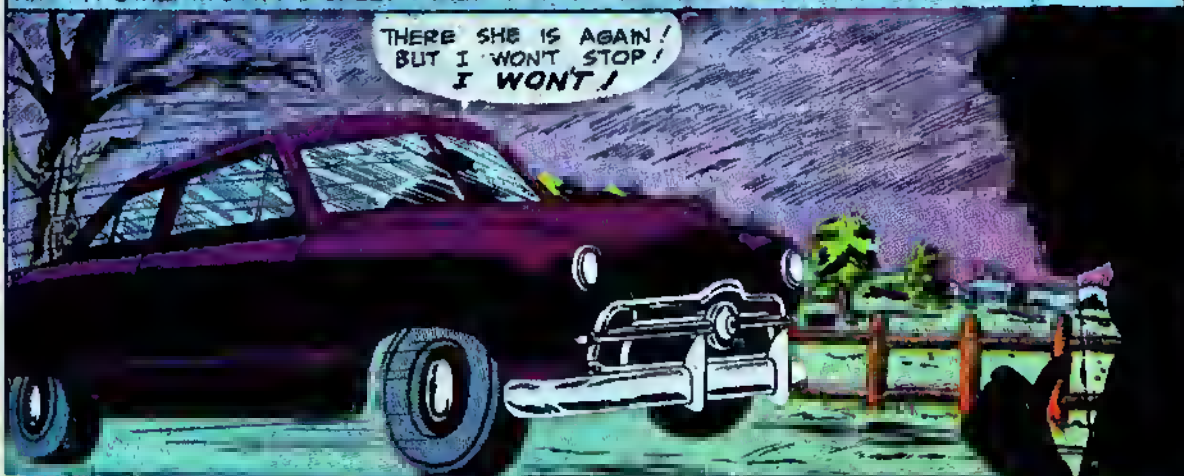
GAIL! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



HORROR FLOODED HIM AS HE SPED ON! BUT, OF COURSE, IT HADN'T BEEN GAIL! HOW COULD IT? YET NOW, A FEW MILES FURTHER ON, SUDDENLY HE SAW...



THE UNKNOWN! WHO SHALL EVER FATHOM ITS STRANGE WAYS? THERE WAS ANOTHER NIGHT! AND ANOTHER... JOHN MORLEY TRIED NOT TO BE TERRIFIED!



ONLY A FIDGENT OF HIS GUILTY IMAGINATION, OF COURSE! MORLEY TRIED TO TELL HIMSELF THAT, BUT...



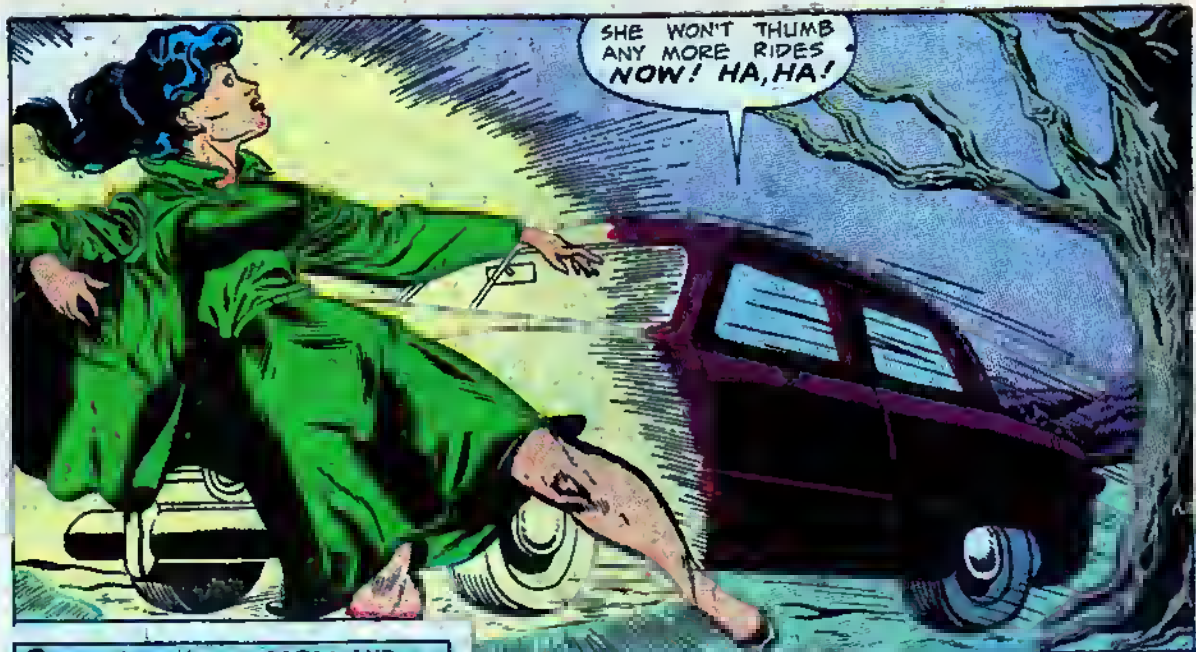
...SHE'S TRYING TO MAKE ME AFRAID TO USE MY CAR! WELL, I'M NOT! I'LL FIX HER, ONE OF THESE TIMES! I'LL WATCH FOR MY CHANCE!



AND ANOTHER NIGHT...

THERE SHE IS! I'LL DO IT NOW!





SHE WON'T THUMB
ANY MORE RIDES
NOW! HA, HA!

BUT WHEN HE STOPPED AND
RAN BACK...

HER BODY ISN'T
HERE! WHA--?

UTTER HORROR FLOODED
MORLEY! ALL HE COULD
THINK OF WAS THAT HE
MUST SPEED HOMEY AS
HE STARTED...

"THERE
SHE IS! DID I DREAM
I RAN OVER HER! I--
I MUST GET HOME!
I'LL NEVER DRIVE
A CAR AGAIN!"

A STORM WAS COMING UP!
MORLEY DROVE FRANTICALLY,
BUT AT A CROSSROAD, A
TRAFFIC LIGHT STOPPED HIM.
AND AS HIS CAR STOOD
THERE, SUDDENLY...

RIDE ME ALONG
A FEW MILES,
MISTER?

WHA--?

MORLEY HAD NO CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING
BUT DRIVE ON! TRAFFIC WAS CROWDING
HIM, AND...

HEY! GET
GOING!

FOOD

HONK
HONK!

AND AS JOHN
MORLEY SPED
FORWARD INTO
THE STORMY
NIGHT...

SO HERE WE
ARE AGAIN,
JOHN! RIDING
TOGETHER!
HOW NICE!

GET OUT OF THE
CAR! YOU-- YOU
GHASTLY
THING!

NOW MORLEY REALIZED THAT HE WAS SPEEDING OUT ONTO THE CANYON BRIDGE, AND...

AFRAID TO DRIVE, JOHN? WELL, IF YOU'RE NERVOUS, LET ME STEER! I'M NOT AFRAID! NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING--NOW!

NO! NO! HELP! HELP!



YOU HELPED ME STEER ONCE, REMEMBER?

STOP! STOP!



YOU LAUGHED LAST TIME! HA, HA! REMEMBER?

HELP! HELP!



GOODBYE, JOHN! HA, HA, HA, HA!

AAIIIEEEEE!



THEN, FAR DOWN IN THE GORGE... JUST SILENT WRECKAGE...

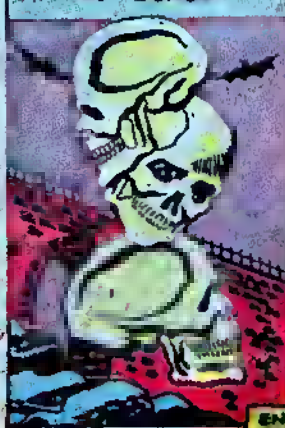


AND LATER... HE'S DEAD!

GOOD THING HE WAS ALONE! NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH A CRASH LIKE THAT!



JUST ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT AT RED GORGE!



END

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Earn Money
the Easy
Stuart Way!*



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*Oh, Boy! Now I can
get that keen
new
Bike!*



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The HANDS of DEATH!

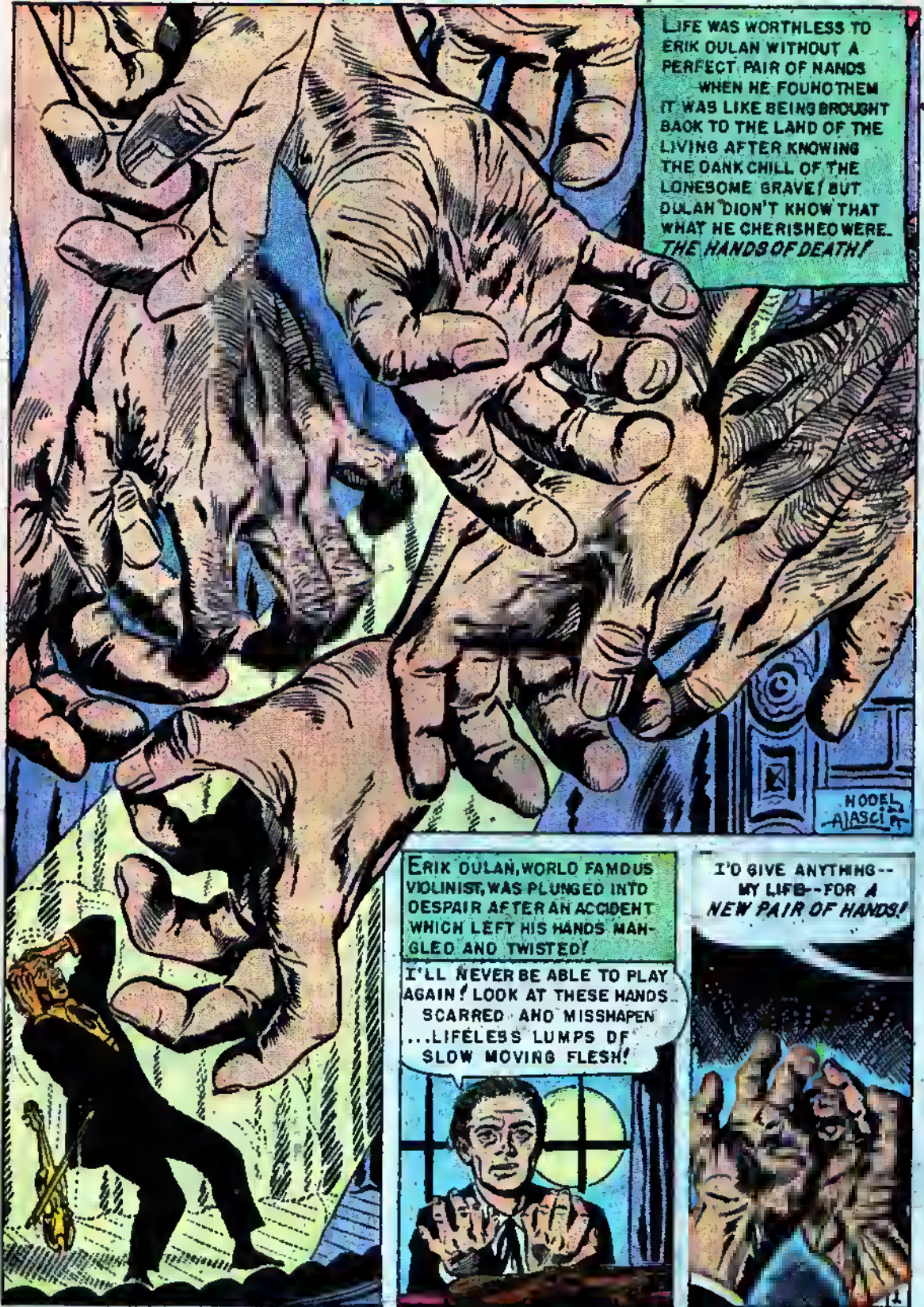
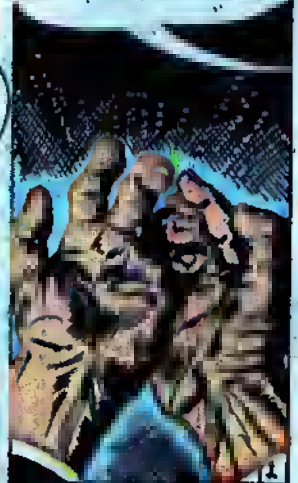
LIFE WAS WORTHLESS TO ERIK OULAN WITHOUT A PERFECT PAIR OF HANDS. WHEN HE FOUND THEM IT WAS LIKE BEING BROUGHT BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING AFTER KNOWING THE DARK CHILL OF THE LONESOME GRAVE! BUT OULAN DIDN'T KNOW THAT WHAT HE CHERISHED WERE THE HANDS OF DEATH!

MODEL
ALASCI

ERIK OULAN, WORLD FAMOUS VIOLINIST, WAS PLUNGED INTO DESPAIR AFTER AN ACCIDENT WHICH LEFT HIS HANDS MANGLED AND TWISTED!

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PLAY AGAIN! LOOK AT THESE HANDS... SCARRED AND MISSHAPEN... LIFELESS LUMPS OF SLOW MOVING FLESH!

I'D GIVE ANYTHING-- MY LIFE-- FOR A NEW PAIR OF HANDS!



HE WENT FROM DOCTOR TO DOCTOR... AND ALWAYS IT WAS THE SAME STORY...

CAN'T YOU DO *ANYTHING* TO LOOSEN THE MUSCLES... MAKE MY FINGERS REALLY ALIVE ONCE AGAIN?

SORRY, DULAN! THERE'S NOTHING MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN DO FOR YOU!



THEN ONE NIGHT HE HAPPENED TO OVERHEAR A WHISPERED NAME. IT STRUCK AN ECHO IN HIS MEMORY, AND...

HIS NAME IS NECROS! DR. NECROS. THEY SAY HE CAN DO ANYTHING... EVEN BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE!

NECROS! I REMEMBER THAT NAME! A PRACTITIONER OF THE ANCIENT ART OF *BLACK MAGIC*!



I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE... WHY NOT *BLACK MAGIC*? I'D GLADLY TRADE MY SOUL TO MAKE THESE HANDS NEW!

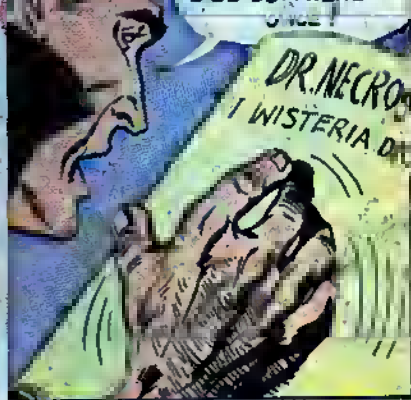
EAGERLY, DULAN SOUGHT NECROS' ADDRESS IN THE CITY PHONE BOOK, BUT...

NECRUMOS... NECTER... IT ISN'T HERE!



AND THEN...

THAT'S STRANGE I'D SWEAR IT WASN'T THERE A MOMENT AGO! CAN HE KNOW ALREADY THAT I'M SEEKING HIM? I'LL GO THERE AT ONCE!



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, GLEAMING DULLY IN THE MOONLIGHT LIKE THE BLEACHED BONES OF THE DROWNED, STOOD THE WALLS OF NECROS' ISOLATED MANSION...

THERE'S SOMETHING FRIGHTENING ABOUT THIS PLACE, AND YET I *MUST ENTER!*



DULAN'S FEAR TURNED TO TERROR WHEN HE SAW NECROS FACE TO FACE!

I CAN GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT... BUT ARE YOU PREPARED TO PAY THE PRICE?

YES! YES! I'LL PAY ANYTHING!



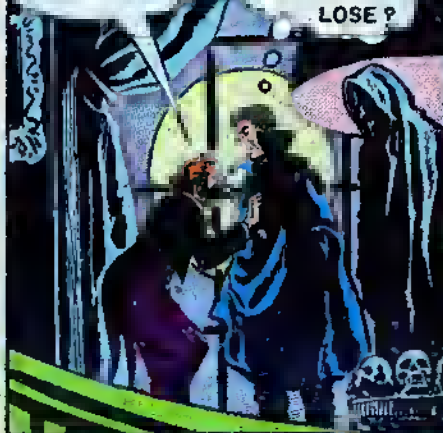
THE PRICE IS NOT ANYTHING... IT IS EVERYTHING! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL PAY IT... ONLY, FIX MY HANDS!



I'M NOT TRYING TO FIX YOUR HANDS... I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU NEW ONES! YOU WILL CHOOSE THEM YOURSELF!

HE MUST BE MAD... AND YET... HE SEEMS SO SURE OF HIMSELF! WHAT HAVE I TO LOSE?



SUDDENLY, WORDS CRACKLED FROM NECROS' LIPS, AND THE ROOM FILLED WITH A WRITHING CLOUD OF MIST, LADEN WITH THE ROTTEN STENCH OF DEATH!

IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION... AND YET I'M SURE I SEE STRANGE SHAPES AND FORMS IN THAT UNEARTHLY MIST!



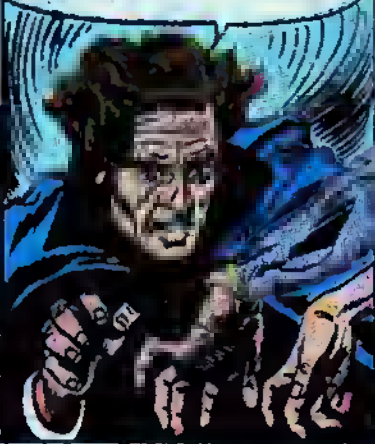
SWIFTLY THE VAGUE SHAPES MATERIALIZED FROM THE REEKING FOG, AHO...

THERE! CHOOSE YOUR HANDS! WHICHEVER ONES YOU WANT WILL BE YOURS!

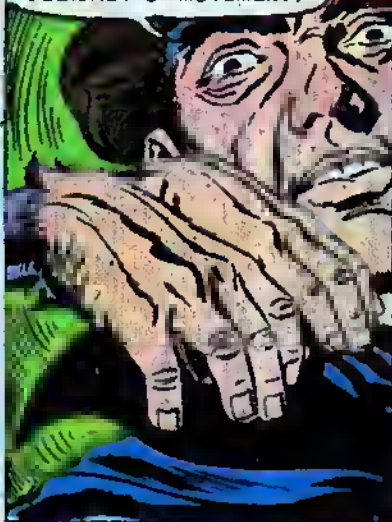


AS THOUGH IN A DAZE, OULAN INSPECTED THE FIRST HORRIBLE PAIR OF OUTSTRETCHED HANDS!

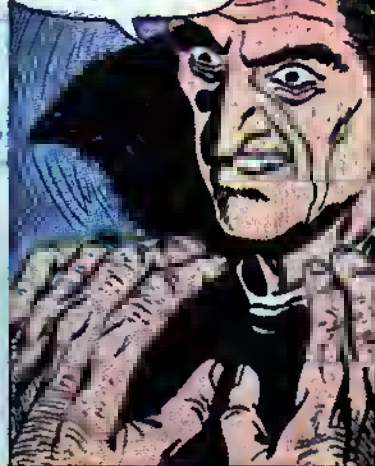
NO...NOT THESE...THE FINGERS ARE TOO NARROW...NOT STRONG ENOUGH!



AND THESE ARE TOO MUSCULAR... TOO BLUNT...NOT ENOUGH DELICACY OF MOVEMENT!



AAAH...THESE ARE JUST WHAT I WOULD WANT...STRONG HANDS, AND YET, THE FINGERS ARE LITHE, CAPABLE OF QUICK MOVEMENT!



THEY WILL BE YOURS! CLOSE YOUR EYES, AND GRASP THEM WITH YOUR OWN HANDS...FIRMLY....



AND WHEN OULAN OPENED HIS EYES...

THE HANDS! THEY...THEY'RE MINE, NOW! WHERE ARE THE--THE MEN THAT WERE HERE A MOMENT AGO?

STILL HERE--BUT YOU CANNOT SEE THEM!

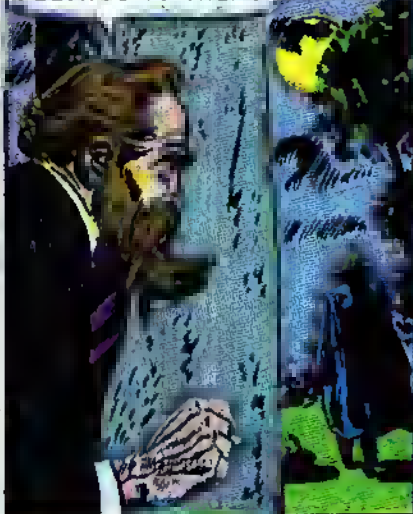


WHAT WONDERFUL FINGERS... HOW THEY FLEX AND STRETCH! ...HOW STRONG AND YET HOW DELICATE! WHEN DO I PAY YOU?

YOU HAVE ALREADY PAID ME! FAREWELL!



THE FOOL! HE THINKS THE HANDS
BELONG TO HIM... BUT HE
BELONGS TO THEM!



DULAN'S FIRST CONCERT AFTER A YEAR'S IDLENESS WAS THE
SENSATION OF THE SEASON!



SUCH STRANGE, STIRRING
MUSIC.. IT..IT'S BEAUTIFUL...
AND HORRIBLE!

ON HIS WAY HOME, DULAN'S MIND
WAS FILLED WITH THE APPLAUSE
AND PRAISE EVOKED BY HIS PLAYING

AHHH...IF NEGROS ONLY KNEW
HOW HAPPY HE'S MADE ME...WITH
THESE NEW HANDS! I...I'LL BE
THE GREATEST VIOLINIST OF THE
AGE!



AND, WHILE DULAN WAS BUSY WITH HIS DREAMS, HIS HANDS WERE
BUSY, TOO... THE CRITICS HAVE NEVER BEEN

SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT MY PLAYING!
JUST WAIT TILL I LEARN EVERYTHING
THESE HANDS CAN DO!



UNKNOWN TO HIM, WITH A CUNNING WILL OF THEIR OWN, THE HANDS
REACHED OUT! THE FINGERS, LIKE TEN VICIOUS, WRITHING SERPENTS,
CLUTCHED AND GRASPED...AND SQUEEZED!



ARE YOU CRAZY?
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO DO?

WHAT?
GOOD LORD!
MY HANDS!



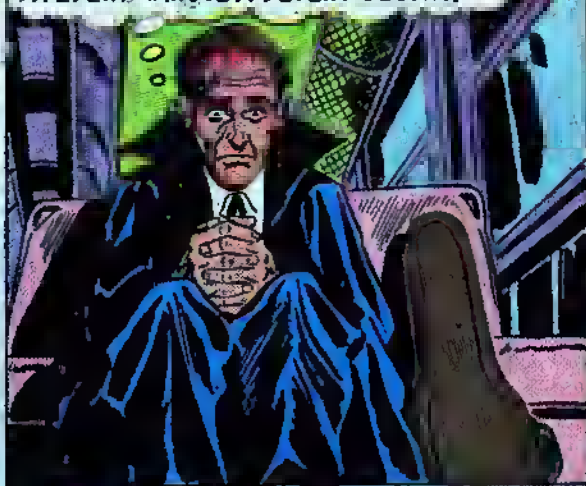
PLEASE...I...I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING... A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! YOU...YOU **MUST** EXCUSE ME! I...I'LL PAY YOU WELL FOR...FOR THE FRIGHT I MUST HAVE CAUSED YOU!

HMM FFF!
ASLEEP, EH? I WONDER!



FOR THE REST OF THE TRIP, DULAN KEPT HIS HANDS FOLDED IN FRONT OF HIM...

I MUST WATCH THEM... KEEP WATCHING THEM... EVERY MINUTE... EVERY SECOND!



HE GOT OFF AT THE FIRST STOP, REGISTERED IN A HOTEL, AND LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM...

THEY'RE HORRIBLE...WICKED...WHenever I PASSED SOMEONE ON THE STREET, I FELT THEM ACHING TO CLAW AT THE WARM FLESH OF HIS THROAT!



AND THEN, ONE DAY, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON DULAN'S DOOR...

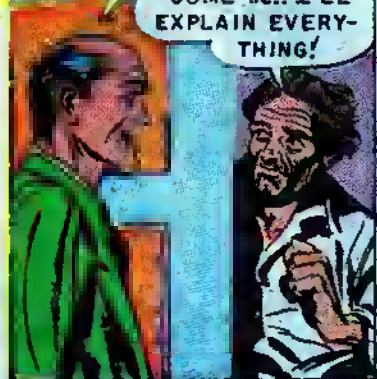
DULAN! YOU MUST OPEN! YOU **MUST!**

IT... IT'S GEORGE EVANS... MY BEST FRIEND! I'LL TELL HIM THE WHOLE STORY... MAYBE HE CAN HELP!



ERIK! GOOD LORD, MAN! WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH YOU? YOU... YOU LOOK GHASTLY! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU! I FINALLY LOCATED...

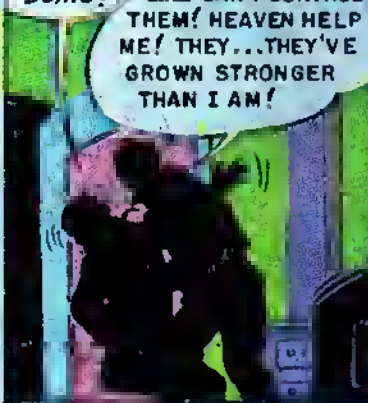
COME IN... I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!



BUT AS SOON AS THE DOOR WAS SHUT...

ERIK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GEORGE! I CAN'T HELP IT! THESE ACCURSED HANDS! I... I CAN'T CONTROL THEM! HEAVEN HELP ME! THEY...THEY'VE GROWN STRONGER THAN I AM!



MOMENTS LATER...

I... I MUST SEE NEGROS AT ONCE. GET HIM TO TAKE THEM BACK... **HE MUST TAKE THEM BACK!**

YOU... YOU'VE KILLED HIM!



OF A CITY-WIDE SEARCH, DULAN SPED TO NEGROS' GRIM MANSION...

NEGROS! OR. NEGROS! WHERE ARE YOU? THESE HANDS... YOU MUST TAKE THEM BACK! PLEASE!



BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF NEGROS, AND ALL DULAN HEARD WAS THE HOLLOW ECHO OF HIS OWN VOICE AND A HINT OF HORRIBLE SPECTRAL LAUGHTER FROM THE DARK CORNERS OF THE ROOM...



AND AS DULAN LEFT...

THERE HE IS! BE CAREFUL! HE'S DANGEROUS!



LATER, AT THE STATION HOUSE...

I KNEW THAT GUY WAS LYING WHEN HE SAID HE WAS DULAK, THE VIOLINIST. THESE PRINTS SHOW PLAIN AS DAY THAT HE'S KURT LAJOS... WANTED FOR STRANGLING IN A DOZEN CITIES!

WH--WHAT? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU SURE YOU GOT HIS PRINTS RIGHT?



YEH... SURE! NOTHING MUCH... I DOUBLE CHECKED! EXCEPT THAT LAJOS WAS TRIED, CONVICTED AND ELECTROCUTED TEN YEARS AGO! I... I SAW HIM BURN MYSELF!



WAS IT HIS IMAGINATION, OR WAS DULAN'S CELL REALLY FILLED WITH THE ASHEN FIGURES OF THE LONG DEAD... MOCKING HIM UNMERCIFULLY?



END

The THING from the GRAVE!

If I hadn't decided to major in archeology none of this would have happened. But just as soon as I attended my first class and heard the handsome young professor explain how the history of mankind can be read in bits of bone and pottery dug out of the earth, I knew that this was the only subject I wanted to study.

Looking back, however, I have to admit that the fact that Professor Richard Jones was so attractive may have had something to do with my decision. And after I had attended his class only six times, he kept me after school, supposedly to discuss a special problem. But we both knew what the problem was, and it was only a matter of weeks before we were engaged.

It was Dick who told me about the "old Indian tribe that had lived in our town hundreds of years ago.

"Might be a lot of interesting stuff waiting for someone to dig it up," he said. "The trouble is, though—the tribe lived on the piece of land that is now the graveyard! Can't very well go around digging up graves, can we?"

I looked at him in amazement. "My goodness, why not?" I asked. "It's all in the interests of science and human knowledge!"

He looked dubious. "Well," he said, "it's one thing to go

digging in a bunch of foreign, deserted tombs, but it's another thing to start ripping up the graves in your own town's cemetery!"

Then I got the idea. "Richard!" I squealed. "Let's go there tonight! We'll only dig for a little while. Nobody will see us, and think of what fun it would be if we found something really important!"

He tried to protest, but when I made up my mind to do something—well, he didn't struggle long...

The cemetery was dark. We moved well into the center of it, so that we would be completely out of sight of any curious passers-by. I lighted the lantern we had brought with us, and set it down on the nearest gravestone. "Might as well start to dig right here, Richard," I told him.

Richard gave a resigned shrug and started to swing the pick up to his shoulder. Then suddenly he stopped. "Look what it says on the gravestone!" he said.

*Who disturbs my sleeping trust
Will be changed to mortal dust!*



I read it aloud. "Isn't that a queer epitaph," I exclaimed. "but you're not supernatural,

are you Dick?" I noticed that he had grown pale, but he forced a grin and started to dig. It was when the point of the pick bit into the springy green sod for the second time that we noticed the smell. It was an odor which warned of death and age and mystic occurrences. Richard stared at me in great wonderment, but before he could speak there was a clap like thunder, and a great crack appeared in the grave at our feet. Up from the crack, squeaking and beating their wings, flew two great bats. And following them out came — IT!

It flowed out of the grave like a cloud of smoke, yet I saw the bony, skull-like face and the long Indian-black hair that streamed around the scraggly neck. The monster's huge, trap-like hands closed around Richard's throat. I stared in amazed horror, and then I screamed hysterically and ran....

They're holding me on suspicion of murder. Several people saw us enter the graveyard together. Of course, they haven't been able to find the body. They keep trying to persuade me to show them where I hid the corpse after I murdered Richard. Of course, I tell them about the spirit that came out of the grave, but they send the psychiatrist in whenever I mention that. I even took them to the cemetery to show them where it happened. But, at the grave, the pick and the lantern were gone, and Richard was nowhere to be seen. And a pile of dust stood by the foot of the grave, and whenever the breeze blew it grew smaller and smaller.

HIGH IN THE BAVARIAN
ALPS, NESTLED TO
THE BOSOM OF
THE SNOW-CLAD
GIANTS... A CHALET
STANDS --- AND
UNKNOWN TO ITS OCCUP-
ANTS, DEATH IN ITS
MOST **HIDEOUS** FORM
AWAITS IN FROZEN SILENCE--



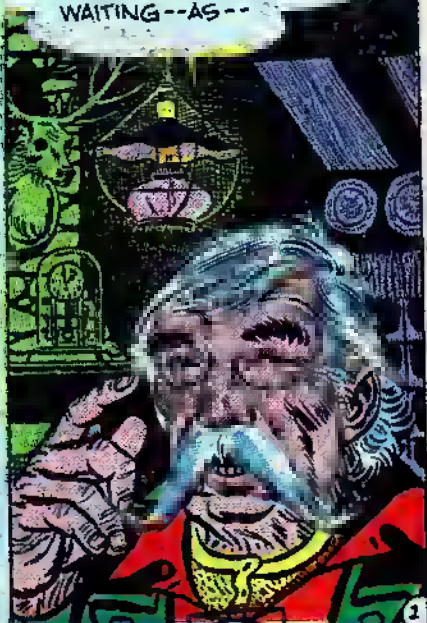
INSIDE THE CHALET, A
PLEA TO BEWARE FALLS
ON UNHEARING EARS!---

**PLEASE, HERR JOHNSON--
LISTEN TO ME!-- DO
NOT GO ON THE
NORTHERN SLOPE!
I BEG OF YOU---**

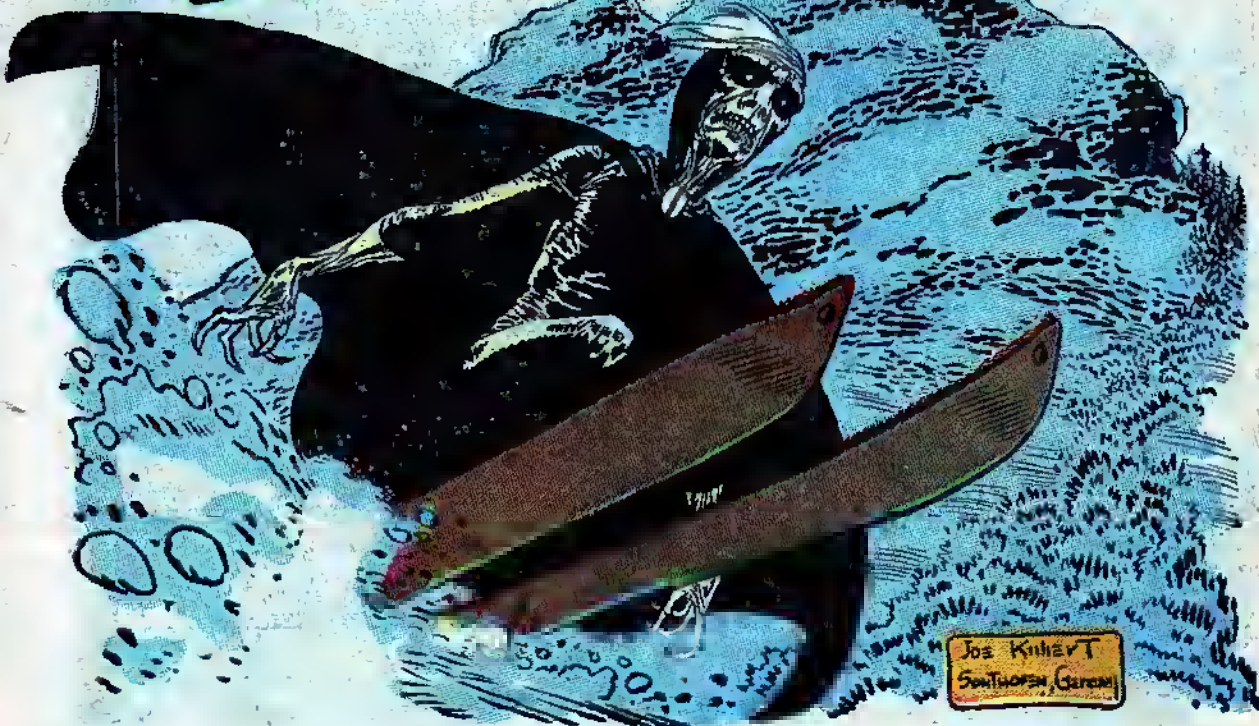


**BOSH, FRITZ--
YOU KNOW AS WELL
AS I THAT THE **BEST**
SKIING IS ON THE
NORTHERN SIDE OF
THE MOUNTAIN!...**

IF YOU GO THERE-- IT WILL BE
THE **LAST TIME** YOUR SKIS
WILL TOUCH SNOW! **MANY**
HAVE THOUGHT AS YOU ---
NEVER TO RETURN!--
IT IS WAITING---WAITING
FOR THE UNLARY---
WAITING--AS--



DEATH ON SKIS!!



JOE KUBERT
SOUTHGATE, CALIF.

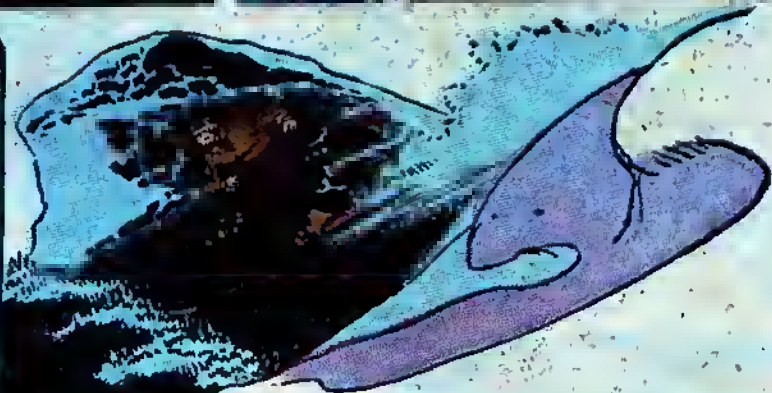
JUST BECAUSE A CHILD WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY A CARELESS SKIER, AND HIS FATHER SWORE VENGEANCE ON ALL SKIERS!---I KNOW THESE MOUNTAINS WELL, FRITZ!---I WON'T LOSE MY WAY BACK!----

BUT THE FATHER COMMITTED **SUICIDE**, HERR JOHNSON... HIS SOUL WILL FIND NO REST-- **EVER!!**

ENOUGH OF YOUR STORIES, FRITZ! I'M **GOING!**--- HAVE A COLD DRINK WAITING FOR ME!--I'M GOING TO REALLY WORK UP A SWEAT TODAY!

B-BUT--- YES, MEIN HERR! AS YOU WISH IT!...

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON AND THE SNOW WAS SLICK AND FAST... A MILLION FLAKES FLASHED DIAMONDS AS THE SETTING SUN DROPPED BEHIND THE HORIZON... PETE JOHNSON SPED OVER THE ICY SLOPES! **THIS WAS LIVING!**-- AND ALL THOUGHTS OF THE "SKIING GHOST" HAD VANISHED, AS HE SET HIS PACE...



THE SUN WAS GONE... AND THE SNOW SHONE A PALE BLUE--WHEN **SUDDENLY---**

BREATHE YOUR LAST, HERR JOHNSON!--

WHO'S THAT?--IS THAT YOU, FRITZ?--I-I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR JOKING!...

FAR ABOVE, ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SLOPE, A GRIM SPECTRE STOOD ETCHED AGAINST THE SKIES...

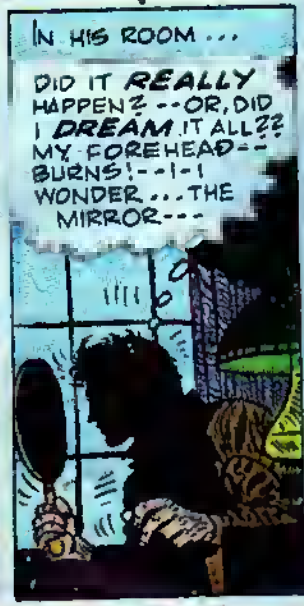
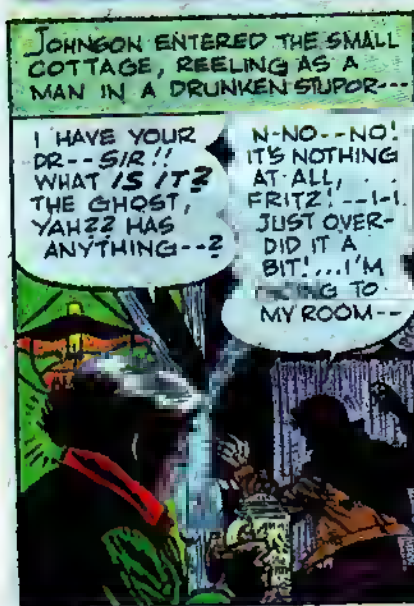
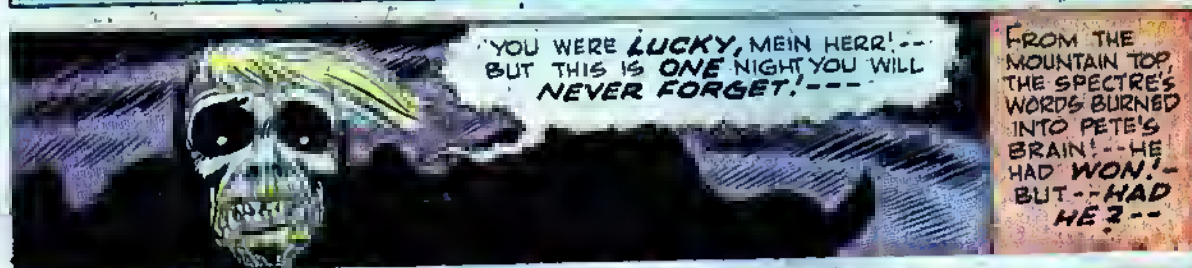
THIS IS NO JOKE!--NEIN! MY SON'S DEATH WAS NO JOKE!--THE WHITENESS OF THE SNOW WILL BE RED--WITH YOUR BLOOD!

FEAR SHOOK PETE JOHNSON INTO MOTION!-- **DEATH** HAD CALLED TO HIM!-- COULD HE ESCAPE ITS WRATH? AT LEAST HE WOULD TRY!...

HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE RUN, FOOL, RUN!-- SEE IF YOU CAN OUTRUN MY VENGEANCE!



IT WAS A WEIRD SCENE, AS THE TWO FIGURES SPED AT BREAK-NECK SPEED THROUGH THE ALPINE PASSES! ONE WAS BENT ON SUSTAINING **LIFE**--THE OTHER--**DEATH**!--AS THE SPECTRE'S LAUGHTER ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS...



Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS

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Grows
In 4 Days
Lasts for months
In any season

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items—you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds. Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds. Practical, attractive container. . . . Bright, colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl. . . . American Flag. . . . Parasol that opens and closes simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog. Many other exciting features.

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature, as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

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Grow grasses green
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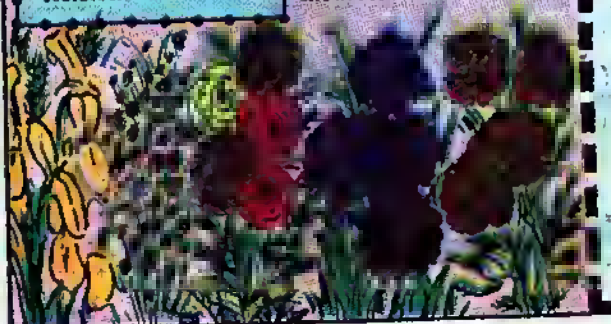
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The HAUNTED MELODY

WHAT STRANGE MYSTERY WAS THIS, COMING OUT OF THE UNKNOWN TO ODOM THE YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST? FREDERIC PARKER HAD ALWAYS KNOWN THAT SOMETHING TRAGIC WAS HANGING OVER HIM! A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, WHOM HE LOVED, TRIED TO WARN HIM! BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN! HE PLAYED... *THE HAUNTED MELODY!*

I'LL PLAY IT--I'LL
KEEP ON PLAYING IT! I
WON'T LET YOU GO, NONA!
I WON'T!

FREDERIC, STOP! YOU--
YOU-- YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
STOP! STOP!

FREDERIC PARKER'S CONCERT MANAGER
HAS INVITED A GROUP OF MUSICAL
AUTHORITIES TO HEAR HIM PLAY!

I'M BOOKING HIS FIRST CON-
CERT TOUR NOW, GENTLEMEN.
HE WILL BE AN AMERICAN
SENSATION!

WE CERTAINLY
WANT TO
HEAR HIM!

THANK YOU
VERY MUCH!

THAT'S CHOPIN'S
REVOLUTIONARY
STUDY! GORGEOUS,
ISN'T IT?

HE PLAYS
IT THE WAY
I IMAGINE
CHOPIN HIMSELF
WOULD HAVE
PLAYED!

YOU'LL SEE!
HE'LL PROVE
THE GREATEST
OF ALL
CHOPIN
PLAYERS!



AND WHEN YOUNG PARKER FINISHED...
WHAT TECHNIQUE, BRAVO!... FIRE, IMAGINATION! WONDERFUL!



I TOLD YOU!

PLAY CHOPIN'S RAINDROP PRELUDE FOR US, WILL YOU, MR. PARKER? IT MAKES A WONDERFUL LITTLE ENCORE NUMBER!



NO! NO! NOT THAT! I-I CANNOT PLAY IT! I WON'T!

WHY SHOULD THE YOUNG PIANIST AVOID PLAYING THE SIMPLE, BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MELODY? WHEN THE VISITORS HAD GONE, AND HE WAS ALONE...

...I'LL PLAY IT NOW! I MUST! I--I WANT TO SEE HER NOW! I MUST SEE HER!...



CHOPIN'S RAINDROP! A LITTLE SONG OF LOVE... AND WITH IT, THE ROAR OF A STORM... THE BEATING, POUNDING OF WAVES... AND THE RAIN DRIPPING DOWN... ALWAYS THE TERRIBLE, INSISTENT DROPPING OF THE RAIN! AND, AS PARKER PLAYED...



...THERE SHE IS! OH, NONA--NONA, DEAR!

FOR MONTHS, NOW, THE LITTLE MELODY HAD EVOKED THIS VISION FOR PARKER! HE CALLED HER NONA! AND LIKE PYGMALION, THE SCULPTOR WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS STATUE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, SO PARKER HAD COME TO LOVE THIS VISION!

...OH, NONA, DEAR--SOMEWHERE YOU MUST EXIST!... IF--IF ONLY I COULD FIND YOU!...



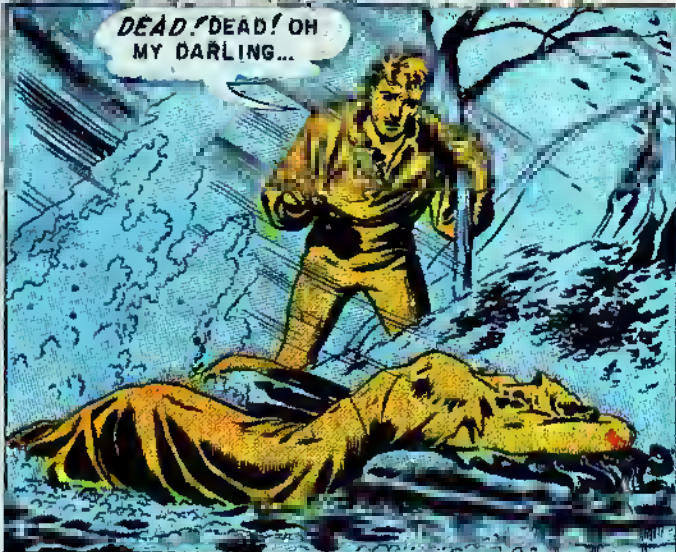
PARKER KNEW, OF COURSE, THE TRAGIC STORY OF HOW CHOPIN HAD COME TO COMPOSE THE LITTLE PRELUDE! THERE HAD BEEN A WOMAN WHOM CHOPIN HAD LOVED DEARLY, AND ONE NIGHT HE HAD HAD A TERRIBLE DREAM OF HER... HE DREAMED THAT THERE WAS A WILD STORM, AND...



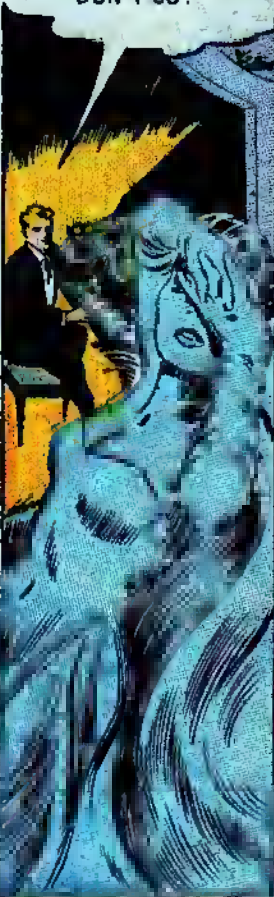
OH, MY DARLING--WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU?

A NO THEN HE OREAMED THAT HE HAD FOUNO HER!

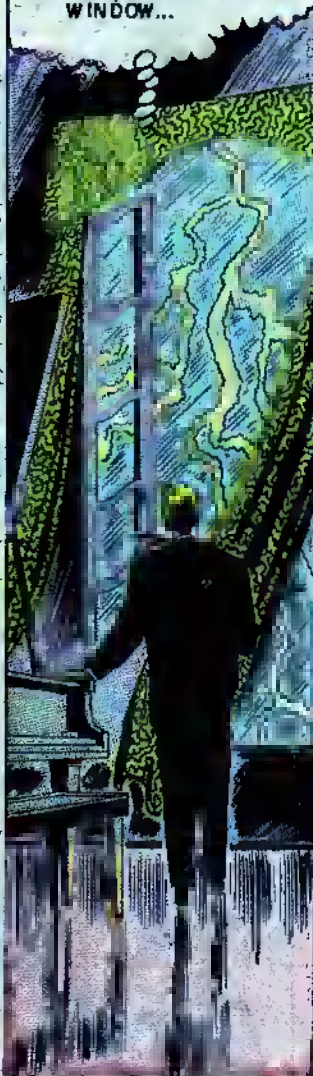
DEAD! DEAD! OH
MY DARLING...



... SO CHOPIN COMPOSED
THE IMMORTAL LITTLE
PRELUDE WHICH HAS
COME TO BE KNOWN AS
THE "RAINDROP" AND
THIS DARK NIGHT, AS
YOUNG PARKER PLAYS
IT... OH--SHE'S
GOING! NONA, DEAR--
DON'T GO!



OH--SHE'S GONE! THAT'S
A BAD STORM! GUESS I
BETTER CLOSE THAT
WINDOW...



JUST A NIGHTMARE! BUT FOR DAYS THE
MEMORY OF IT MADE THE YOUNG COM-
POSER SHUDDER! AND... UGH! THAT

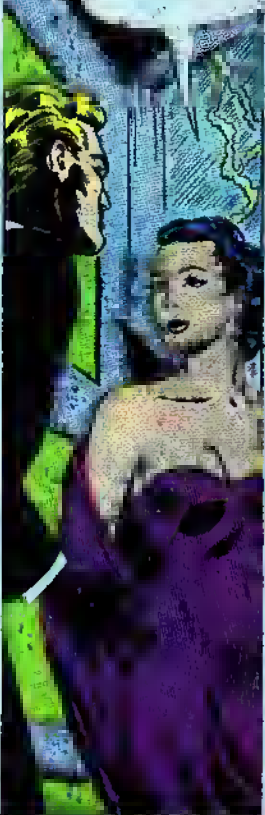
TERRIBLE DREAM--CAN'T SEEM TO THINK
OF ANYTHING ELSE! RAIN..RAIN DROPPING
DOWN--IT WOULD MAKE A BEAUTIFUL
PRELUDE! I'LL TRY IT!



A KNOCK SOUNDED AT
PARKER'S DOOR! AND
WHEN HE OPENED IT...

WHY--
WHY--
COME
IN,
PLEASE!

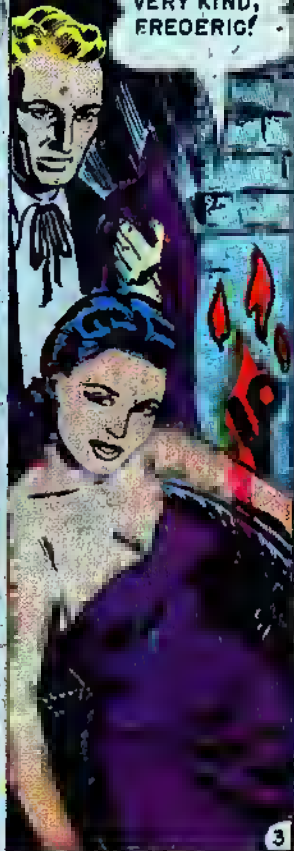
THANK YOU!
I-- I WAS
JUST PASSING
IN THIS
TERRIBLE
STORM--AND
I HEARD YOU
PLAYING! I--I
LOVE THAT
LITTLE MELODY!



IT WAS SO STRANGE HAV-
ING HER HERE--THIS
REALITY OF HIS FAN-
GIES! SHE LOOKED SO
LIKE THE VISION... HIS
NONA! YOUR CLOTHES

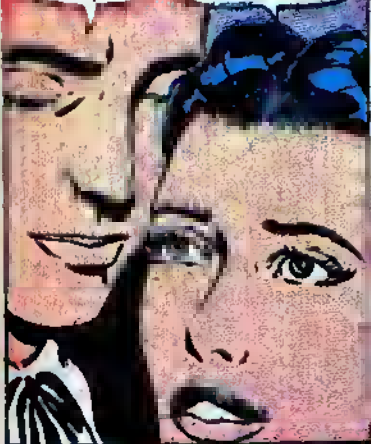
ARE SOAKED! SIT HERE,
THE WARMTH WILL
DRY YOU!

THANK
YOU! YOU'RE
VERY KIND,
EREOERIC!



YOU CALLED ME
FREDERIC! AND
YOU'RE NONA!
OF COURSE
YOU'RE NONA!

I HAD TO COME
--WHEN YOU
PLAYED TO
BRING ME! BUT--
BUT, FREDERIC,
DEAR ---



I LOVE YOU--
I'VE ALWAYS
LOVED YOU!
I'VE ALWAYS
KNOWN IT!

NO! NO, YOU
DON'T REALIZE
WHAT YOU
ARE SAYING!



LET ME GO!
I--I SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME!

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME? OH, I
DON'T EVEN CARE!
I ONLY KNOW THAT
I LOVE YOU!

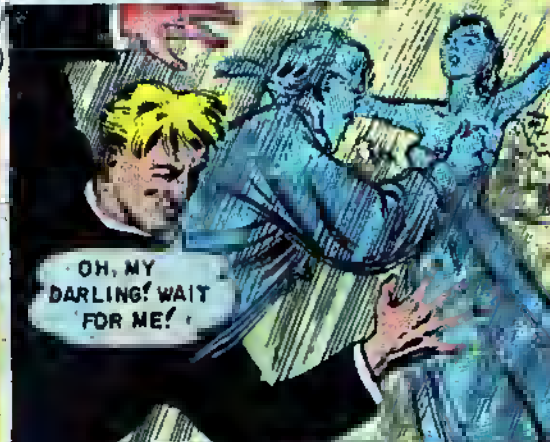


AND ALTHOUGH HE FRANTICALLY TRIED TO FOLLOW HER, SUDDENLY IT WAS AS THOUGH HIS BODY HAD HIT AN INVISIBLE WALL! HE SEEMED TO FEEL HIMSELF FALLING--YET SOMETHING OF HIM WAS RUSHING ON... RUSHING TO JOIN THE WOMAN HE LOVED!

WAS IT THE ROAMING SPIRIT OF THE LONG-DEAD CHOPIN, LIVING AGAIN IN THE REALITY OF FREDERIC PARKER? WAS IT REINCARNATION? AND HAD THE SPIRIT OF CHOPIN'S LOVED ONE APPEARED TO HIM AS A REALITY TO BRING HIM BACK TO HER? WHO SHALL SAY?



NO! NO! YOU
MUST NOT! I
CAN'T LET YOU
DO IT! YOU
DON'T UNDER-
STAND!



OH, MY
DARLING! WAIT
FOR ME!

DON'T GO!
OH, MY DARLING--
I'M COMING
WITH YOU!



THE VILLAGERS FOUND YOUNG PARKER'S BODY THAT NEXT MORNING, AND...

IT'S YOUNG PARKER,
THE PIANIST!

GUESS HE MUST
HAVE BEEN STRUCK BY
LIGHTNING DURING THE
STORM! POOR FELLER!



THE HAUNTED CAVE

The legend of the haunted cave was an old one, and Roger Nelson liked it. Since he had been a boy he had heard about the horrible things which were supposed to have happened in the cavern. And now he and a group of associates had a chance to buy the cave and turn it into a tourist attraction, and these chicken-livered men were hesitating because of a lot of silly superstition!

"You're acting like a bunch of children!" he told them angrily, glaring at the men grouped around the conference table. "This is our chance to clean up a fortune! Don't throw it away!"

"Well, now, Roger, I don't know," old Sam Jenkins drawled. "Seems to me that too many bad things have happened in that cave to be plain accidents. I ain't sayin' it's haunted....but then again, I ain't sayin' it ain't!"

Roger slapped the table top with his palm. "I'll tell you what!" he said leaping to his feet. "I'll spend a whole night in that cave, just to calm your fears. Then will you come in this thing with me?"

They looked at each other in shocked silence. Then old Sam spoke for the group. "I reckon we'd have to," he said.

It was black, as black as only the inside of a cavern during the night can be. Roger squatted by the banks of the underground river that flowed through the cave. The

air was damp and chill, and he shivered slightly. He had smashed in the lens of his flashlight while making his way into the interior of the cavern, but there was two candles in his knapsack, and he lit both of them at the same time in an attempt to take the darkness out of the air. He huddled over the tiny flame.

The wind whistled shrilly into the mouth of the cavern and raced down its length. The airy blast disturbed the clusters of bats which hung from the stalactites on the ceiling; they circled wildly, squeaking eerily as they dipped lower and lower toward the floor of the cavern. Roger listened anxiously to the beating of hundreds of wings. One bat swooped even lower than the rest, and Roger screamed as something soft and furry brushed his cheek and soared up into the inky blackness above.



Another gust of wind shot through the cavern. This time it was even stronger than the first blast, and both of the candles were knocked over and fell into the stream of water that rushed gurglingly by. Other sounds, weird and horrible, began to ring through the cave. The hooting of a pair of owls sounded low and mournful from above. The

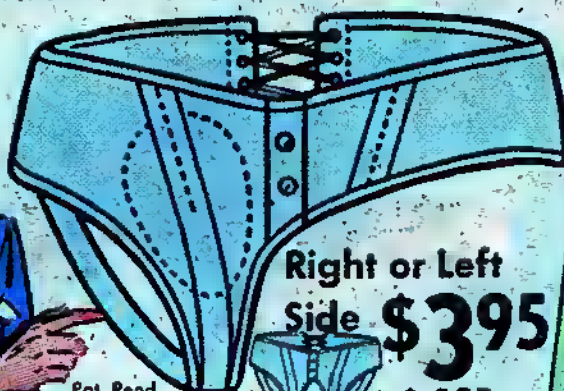
scuttling claws of great cave-rats scraped along the stone floor, and the squealing of the rodents made Roger grow cold with distaste and loathing.

Now I see how all the rumors got started, he thought. Any one of these noises could give the place a haunted reputation. Heard together by an over-emotional person, they might well be overwhelmingly terrifying! A slithering sound to his left caused him to freeze in fright. Might be a water snake, he thought. He pulled free the hunting knife at his belt. The rustling, sliding sound was approaching him; now it was only inches away. Suddenly he slashed out at it with the knife. He felt the blade hack into something. Then the thing was writhing and thrashing around in agony. It touched his arm, a cold, clammy strand that felt as thick as a garden hose. He slashed it again and again. Then he broke out into a cold sweat, for he heard more rustling noises. Thinking that perhaps he could drive the snakes off with fire, he ignited his whole pack of matches. He held the flaming pack high—and the beast which was pulling itself out of the water was clearly illuminated. It was like a giant octopus, black and shiny in the light of the flame. Roger had just time enough for one startled shriek. Then the tentacles had wrapped around his windpipe and he was drawn down into the stream of icy water. And in the cavern above, the bats, the rats and the owls continued to make frightened, eerie noises in the inky blackness.

HERE IS IMMEDIATE COMFORT FOR YOU WITH

RUPTURE-EASER

For Men! For Women! For Children!



Pat. Pend.

Right or Left
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\$3.95

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**NO FITTING
REQUIRED!**

**NOW YOU CAN ...
THROW AWAY THOSE
GOUGING, TORTURING
TRUSSES --- GET NEW
WONDERFUL RELIEF
WITH
RUPTURE-EASER**

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EASY TO ORDER

Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and state right or left side or double.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

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A strong, form-fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Snaps up in front. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Soft flat grain pad—no steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support. Sizes for men, women and children. Easy to Order—MAIL COUPON NOW! (Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

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Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side ☐ \$3.95

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Double ☐ \$4.95

Measure around lowest part of my abdomen in

INCHES.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
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Enclosed is ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for \$ ☐ Send C. O. D.

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GRATEFUL USERS!**

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Our Thousands on Files

**S. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air
Mail:** "Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed of my press machine 8 hrs. a day."

Mr. P. S. of New York City wants us to know he is "very pleased with my Rupture-Easer. It has given me great relief and I feel more safe than ever in wearing this support."

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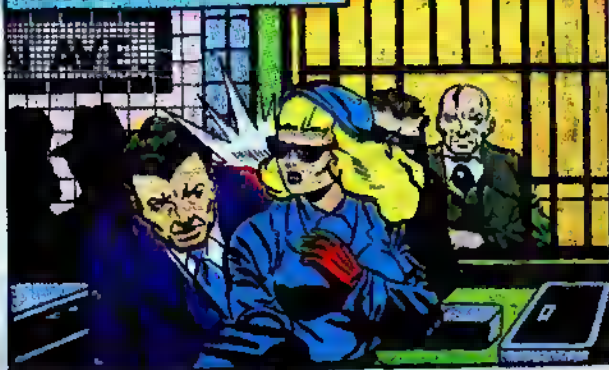
**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE
ORDER TODAY!**

PRINCESS of the SUBWAY



WHEN THE SUBWAY TRAIN WAS DELAYED FOR TWENTY LONG MINUTES IN THE TUBE UNDER THE EAST RIVER, WHAT BECAME OF ALL THE PASSENGERS? ONLY DAVE BARTLET AND THE STRANGE GIRL COULD TELL, AFTER HE HAD FINALLY MANAGED TO BRING THE TRAIN INTO THE STATION...

AS THE LONG ISLAND-BOUND SUBWAY COMES INTO THE STATION, A MINOR ACCIDENT OCCURS WHEN DAVE BARTLET UNWITTINGLY BUMPS A GIRL WHILE COMING THROUGH THE TURNSTILE...



SECONDS LATER...

PUSH ME AROUND, WILL YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU!

HEY! WHAT'S EATING YOU?



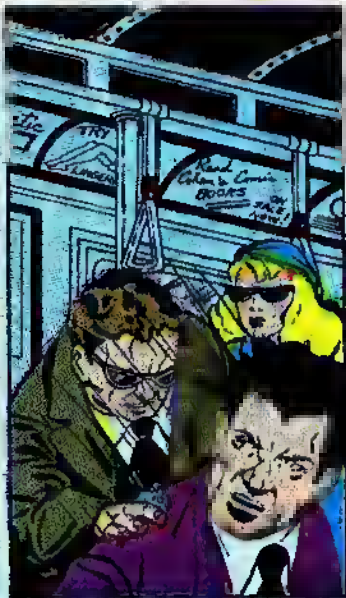


GO ON! TELL ME YOU DIDN'T
KNOW YOU PUSHED ME, YOU
BIG DUMB OX!



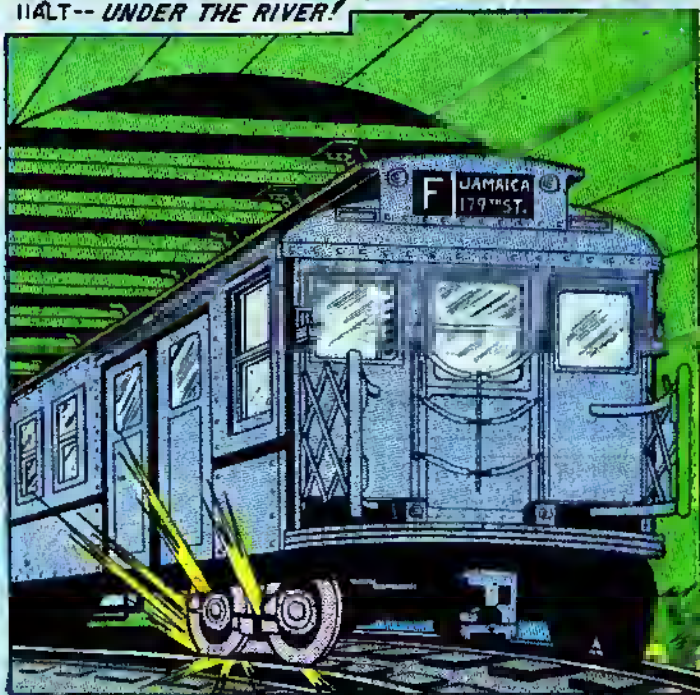
I GOT A GOOD NOTION TO
KNOCK YER EARS OFF--PUSHIN'
A DAME LIKE THAT!

YOU KEEP OUT OF
THIS, BUDDY!



I CAN KEEP THIS UP AS LONG
AS YOU CAN...

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A SUDDEN
HALT-- *UNDER THE RIVER!*



AH! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO WILL RULE
ON *LAND*--AS WELL AS *UNDER THE*
WATER!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND THROW THE PASSENGERS INTO
A PANIC!

WHAT
HAPPENED?

STRIKE A
LIGHT HERE,
SOMEBODY!

I WANT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE! LET
ME OUT!

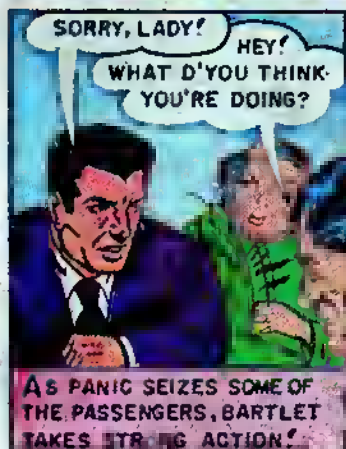


GOOD LORD! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!



QUIET, EVERYBODY! STOP SHOVING, BEFORE SOMEONE IS BADLY HURT!

I HAVE A JOB TO DO!
I'LL GO INTO THE NEXT CAR...



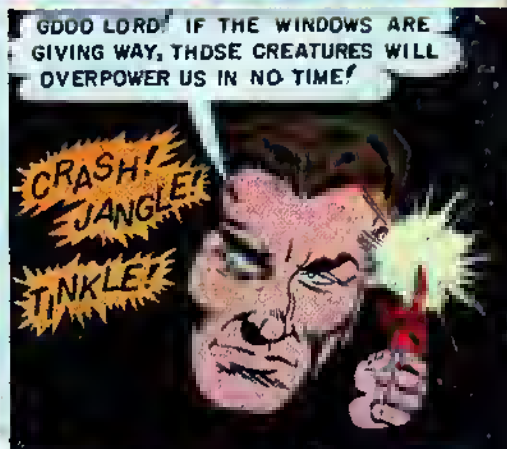
SORRY, LADY!

HEY!
WHAT D'YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING?

AS PANIC SEIZES SOME OF
THE PASSENGERS, BARTLET
TAKES STRONG ACTION!



CAN'T TAKE CHANCES
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS, BUD!



CRASH!
JANGLE!
TINKLE!

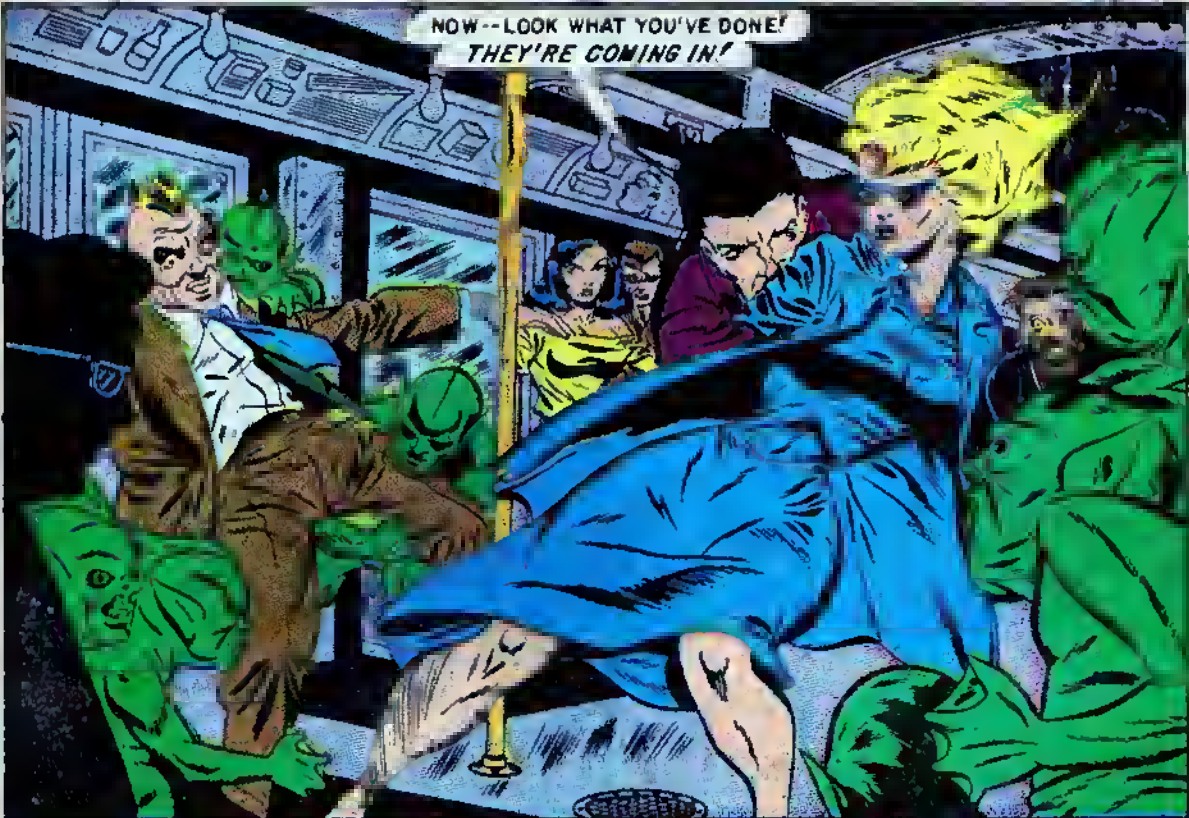


LET ME THROUGH, FOLKS!
I THINK THAT SOUND IS
COMING FROM THE NEXT
CAR...

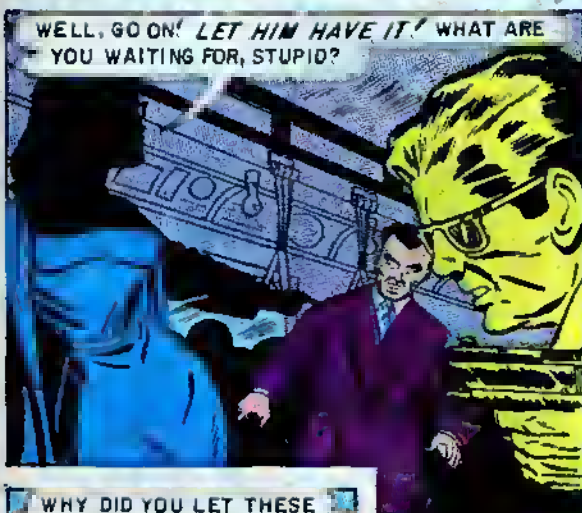


JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING?

NOW--LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
THEY'RE COMING IN!

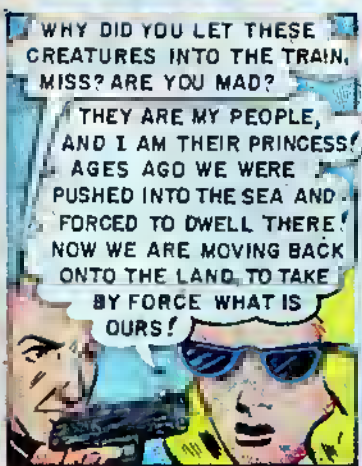


WELL, GO ON! LET HIM HAVE IT! WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING FOR, STUPID?



WHY DID YOU LET THESE
CREATURES INTO THE TRAIN,
MISS? ARE YOU MAD?

THEY ARE MY PEOPLE,
AND I AM THEIR PRINCESS!
AGES AGO WE WERE
PUSHED INTO THE SEA AND
FORCED TO DWELL THERE!
NOW WE ARE MOVING BACK
ONTO THE LAND TO TAKE
BY FORCE WHAT IS
OURS!



SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO
ON AGAIN! CALL THEM
OFF, DO YOU HEAR? IF YOU
DON'T--I'LL KILL YOU!

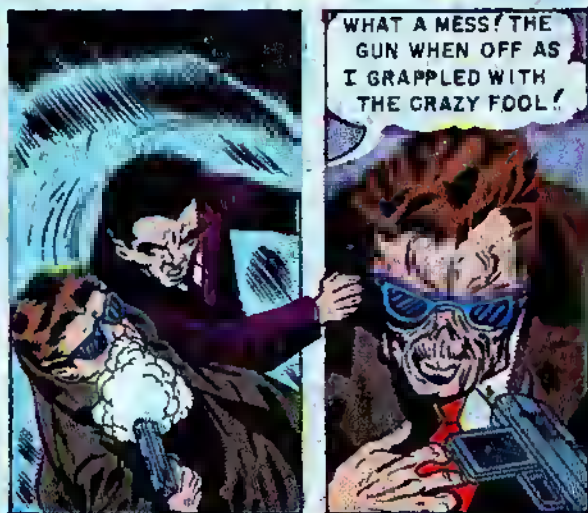


THEY ARE LEAVING NOW!

GOOD
LORD!



WHAT A MESS! THE
GUN WHEN OFF AS
I GRAPPLED WITH
THE CRAZY FOOL!



NOW THAT THE CURRENT HAS BEEN RESTORED, BARTLET LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING TO THE MOTORMAN'S CAB!

WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT MOVING ALONG, BEFORE THE NEXT TRAIN PLOWS INTO US FROM BEHIND!



UGH-H! THIS IS HORRIBLE!



LET'S GET RID OF THAT MOTORMAN! I'M PARTICULAR WHO I RIDE WITH!

YOU HEARTLESS WITCH! YOU AREN'T HUMAN!



I'LL GET THIS THING RUNNING SOMEHOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK AND SEE IF THE OTHER PASSENGERS ARE ALL RIGHT!

DON'T BOTHER! MY PEOPLE HAVE TAKEN GOOD CARE OF THEM!



DON'T SCHEDULES MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, YOU CLOWN? YOU'VE THROWN THE WHOLE SYSTEM OFF!



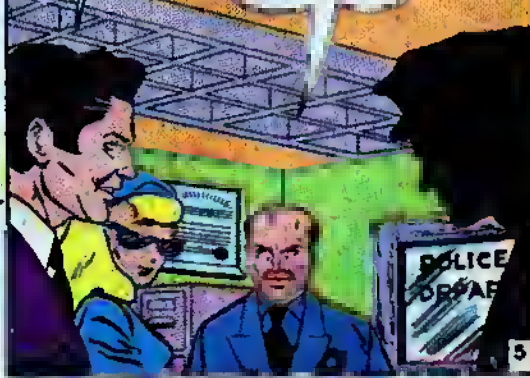
WHEW! CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE YOU, OFFICER! LET'S GET DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE RIGHT AWAY!

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD-- THAT'S ALL!



...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, AS YOU CHOOSE!

WHY, YOUR TALE IS FANTASTIC!



AND WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS, YOUNG LADY?

I REFUSE TO ANSWER WITHOUT BENEFIT OF COUNSEL!

AND SHORTLY ...

WE'VE EXAMINED THE EAST RIVER TUBE, CAPTAIN. THERE'S A BREAK OR TWO, BUT NOTHNG THAT CAN'T BE REPAIRED: NO SKELETONS-- NO FISH PEOPLE-- NOTHING!

THANK YOU, MEN!

WELL, BARTLET? THERE'S NO EVIDENCE TO BACK UP YOUR STORY...

CAPTAIN, I TELL YOU WE WERE ATTACKED IN THE TUBE BY A HORDE OF QUEER FISH PEOPLE WHO ...

THIS WOMAN TOLD ME HERSELF THAT SHE IS THE PRINCESS OF THESE WATER CREATURES?

MISTER, I THINK YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

TAKE THOSE THINGS OFF, WILL YOU? IT MAKES ME NERVOUS WHEN I CAN'T SEE YOUR EYES!

AND AS BARTLET TEARS OFF THE GIRL'S SUNGLASSES, EVEN THE POLICE CAPTAIN GASPS. FOR THE GIRL STARES AT THEM WITH THE PERFECTLY ROUND, LIDLESS EYES OF-- A FISH!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

mother

God took the Sunshine
from the skies
And made the love-light
in your eyes.
He gave you breath
And with his love
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
MINE

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down
to sleep,
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep.
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

The Way of the
CROSS
IS HOME

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

Love
one another
AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU

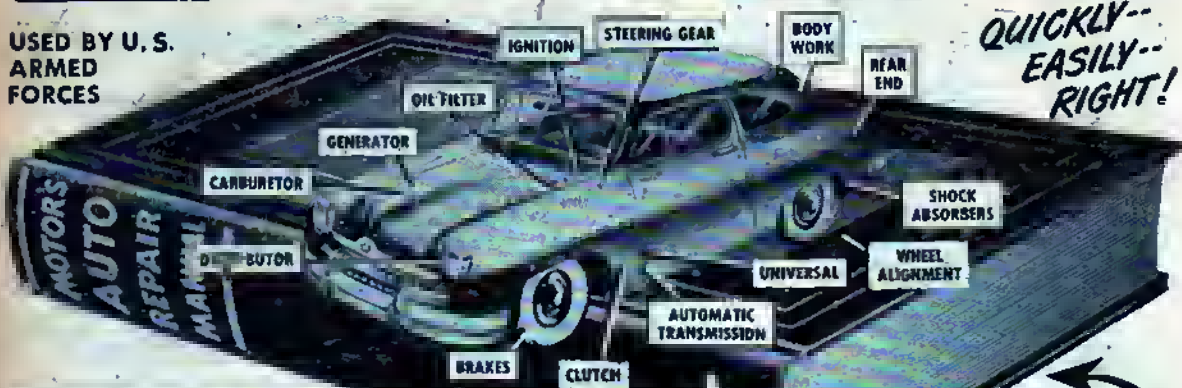
God Bless
OUR
HOME

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Free 7-DAY TRIAL
Return and Pay Nothing If Not Satisfied!

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Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
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